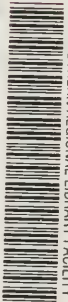


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VERSES

BY

(THE LATE)

MISS JANE M. RYMER,

WHICH WERE FOUND IN HER DESK AFTER
HER DEATH.

1856.

Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit! rest thee now!
Ev'n while with ours thy footsteps trod.
His seal was on thy brow.
Dust, to its narrow house beneath!
Soul, to its place on high!
They, that have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die.—MRS HEMANS.

EDINBURGH: 1857.

EDINBURGH :
PRINTED BY JOHN GREIG AND SON

PR
3285
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1857

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VERSES.

LINES

WRITTEN ON THE TITLE-PAGE OF HER ALBUM.

This Album I will try to fill,
Tho' not with any magic skill ;
But with my pencil simply try
Some little things to please the eye ;
And maybe friends will trouble take,
And fill a page, just for my sake.
And let the muse to me be kind,
Nor in her gift leave me behind,
But make me gain poetic fame,
And *Rymer* be in more than name.

THOUGHTS ON HOME

How sweet it is to muse on Home,
Where earth's enjoyments flow,
And where the peaceful sun-light beams
On this fair world below.

'Twas there my childhood's fleeting hours
By mirth were so beguiled ;
'Twas there my youthful heart was taught,
While parents fondly smiled.

And when the years of manhood came,
As I through life did roam ;
Was there a place more dearly loved,
A spot so sweet as home ?

O no ! home is my earthly love,
I claim it as a prize ;
I feel its bliss, I know its joys,
In it a treasure lies.

Think of the sea-tossed mariner
While sailing o'er the foam ;
Ah ! will his thoughts not often turn
To muse on scenes at home ?

Next turn to that poor exiled youth,
Borne to a foreign land ;
Where are the friends, the joys which then
At home he did command ?

Or see the felon at the stake,
Condemned for guilt to die ;
Will not his home and boyhood scenes
Come fleeting o'er his eye ?

Yes, yes ! home whispers in the ear,
And floats upon the wind,
Where father, mother, wife, and child,
In tender ties do bind.

But there's a home beyond the skies,
Where sorrows are no more,
For all is love, and all is bliss,
Upon that heavenly shore.

Then as we steer our fragile bark,
As on through life we roam,
May't be to reach that haven of rest
Which is the Christian's home.

TO SISTER AGNES.

DEAREST Agnes, fairest flower,
My sister playmate of each hour ;
Scarce thirteen months had passed o'er thee,
Ere I was born this earth to see.

How innocent our youthful joys,
As we played with our pretty toys ;
And every night ere we did rest,
Were fondly to our parents prest.

To get from them the fond dear kiss,
Or gently say we've done amiss,
In some of our wild childish play,
Which occupied us all the day.

Year followed year, and swift they flew,
And we got brothers, sisters too ;
Thirteen in all, our youthful band,
But God took five to his bright land.

But, Agnes, that is all long past,
And joys and griefs can't always last,
For oft we've smiled o'er happy dreams,
As oft have wept o'er changing scenes.

We two have ever been like one,
But we can't tell what is to come ;
How long we on this earth may dwell,
The answer—but ah ! who can tell ?

A NEW YEAR'S HYMN.

ALAS ! another year has gone,
And life is fleeting fast ;
We cannot always linger here,
This year may be our last.

We may have culled bright flow'rs of fame,
And wreathed them round our brow ;
Sweet fortune's smiles may on us beam,
And all be happy now.

But other scenes may wait us soon,
And check our gay career ;
The sunshine of our day may change,
And nought but gloom appear.

Then may we yield our souls to God.
And on his grace depend ;
Devoutly serving him in truth,
Unchanging to the end.

And may that blessed hope be ours
Which lives beyond the tomb,
Which calms the sorrows of this life,
'Mid death and all its gloom.

And as we raise our thoughts to Heav'n,
While time flies swiftly o'er,
May God Almighty grant our prayer,
And bless us evermore.

LINES WRITTEN ON PULLING A ROSEBUD

SWEET gentle rosebud of the vale,
Thy sweets perfume the balmy gale ;
Thy rosy tints delight mine eye,
Yet all thy charms but bloom to die.

I've robbed thee from thy kindred flow'rs,
And thou wilt fade ere many hours ;
I've plucked thee from thy parent tree,
Ah ! yes, it was not kind of me.

For had I left you there to grow,
Beneath the rising sun's bright glow,
I'd seen thee ere twelve hours had run,
A full rose op'ning to the sun.

But 'twas thy beauties tempted me,
Or I would ne'er have taken thee ;
And O how like to death's cold hand
For beauteous youth obeys—command.

SONG—THE RETURN.

My native land I view again,
 With joy I see its well-known shore ;
 How longs this heart to be with all
 My former friends and scenes of yore.

'Twas there my early days were spent,
 As I roved over hill and dale ;
 'Twas there Eliza's love I sought,
 Down in her own sweet lovely vale.

And 'tis with earnest wish I trust
 She'll soon with me in true love meet,
 And every one this heart holds dear,
 May all again me kindly greet.

My native land I view again,
 With joy I see thy well-known shore ;
 When once I've reached thy haven of peace,
 I ne'er again shall leave thee more.

WRITTEN ON SEEING MISS L. A FEW WEEKS
BEFORE HER DEATH.

I SAW her as a fading flower,
To perish in her bloom ;
Ah ! lovely girl, I fear she will
Soon slumber in her tomb.

And yet her cheek it was not pale,
A rosy blush was there ;
And on her brow and neck were seen
The hue of lilies fair.

I saw her eyes did sparkle bright,
When joyful looks were given ;
But, ah ! methought how like they were
To silent stars in heaven.

And did she think these were the signs
Of her life's fast decay !
No, no ; she thought they were to cheer
The sunshine of her day.

I've seen at times the hectic flush
Change to a deadly pale ;
Alas! this all did whisper sure
Consumption's flattering tale.

And 'twas with piteous tears I gazed
On one so young and fair ;
For sure I felt her joyful voice
Would silent be for e'er.

Then what a solemn thought it is,
That death so soon may come ;
Perhaps before to-morrow dawns,
Or ere this setting sun.

WRITTEN IN OPPOSITION TO AN IRREVERENT
PARODY ON THE "ARABY MAID."

Away on the wings of bliss she flies,
Like a being of supreme delight ;
And she soars into the heavenly skies
To gain that realm ere night.

Why no more in this world will she roam ?
What causes so hasty a flight ?
She'll never again return to her home,
For she dwells with her Saviour "so bright."

She hath left her friends and her own dear land,
The land which from childhood she trod ;
And now she swears at the shrine where she stands,
To worship her own true God.

Come away, come away, all ye daughters bright,
Why could you on earth so long stay ?
Around are temptations and snares day and night,
Come away, O do not delay.

They are happy, indeed, if their joy equals mine,
In this land of no tempest nor wave,
We all kneel at the feet of our Saviour divine,
And are now past the brink of the grave.

MARIA'S ADDRESS TO HER LOCKET.

SWEET token of sincerest love,
'Tis oft I gaze on you,
To view within thy golden case
That lock of jetty hue.

Ah ! when dear Guillaume placed you here
Just o'er my throbbing heart,
Would that I could this moment feel
Joys it then did impart.

And simple words flowed with the gift,
He fondly said, " Pray take
This little pledge, Maria, love,
And wear it for my sake !"

How joyous did my bosom beat,
A blush stole o'er my cheek ;
A thousand words I wished to say,
But scarcely one could speak.

I'll wear thee for dear Guillaume's sake,
Yes, till the day I die ;
His own hand placed you o'er my heart,
There ever thou shalt lie.

I am indeed thy mistress sole ;
Thou hast none else but me ;
And sure thou would'st not like to deck
Another more than me.

Thou'st o'er me hung in happy days,
When I was full of glee ;
And when the day of death shall come,
Ah do not from me flee.

But grant, dear Locket, grant the boon
Which I of thee do crave,
That when the spark of life has fled,
Come with me to my grave.

O if you could but feel, or speak,
To tell of all my woe ;
Or hear the sighs, the kisses prest,
The tears which o'er thee flow.

But why commence my tale of grief ?
A locket cannot hear ;
Dear little thing, I envy thee,
For thou hast nought to fear.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN

LUKE x. 29-37.

HEARKEN all ye to the words of the Lord,
While he to the young lawyer did record,
A parable of whom his neighbour should be,
And proved who shewed mercy out of the three.
A man from Jerus'lem did journey alone,
To Jericho meant, but had not there gone,
Ere he fell among thieves who wounded him sore,
And from his poor form his raiments they tore.
And by chance there came down a priest that way,
But he ne'er a word to the man did say,

A passing look on him alone he cast,
And cruelly he on the other side past.
And also a Levite to the place came,
But passing by (like the priest) did the same.
No feeling of sympathy e'er was shewn,
And the poor man was left half dead alone.
But Providence ordered that one should be sent
(The good Samaritan as he journ'ing went)
To relieve his distress, his wounds to upbind,
To pour oil and wine, and do all that was kind ;
In friendly love he was brought to the inn,
And compassionate care was taken of him.
And on the morrow ere his friend departed,
He joyfully paid for the aid imparted,
And said, if more be needed I'll gladly pay,
When I come again on some future day.
Now when this parable of our Lord's was ended,
(Wherein kindest love is so purely blended),
He asked of the lawyer which of the three
Had been to the man as a neighbour should be.
Whereon the young man to the Lord replied,
That he was the friend whom the mercy supplied ;
Then Jesus on hearing the youth, said, " See,
That like the Samaritan go and do ye."

ETERNITY.

WITH cheerful splendour on my soul,
Thou dawn'st, O blessed eternity ;
With thee comes peace, and holy love,
And endless bright felicity.

No pain, nor sorrows are with thee,
All trials are o'er for ever,
They've fled through darkness and through death,
And vanished quite for ever.

O would that I were on that shore,
Where'er doth beam eternal spring ;
O would that I now joined the hymns,
That heavenly angels ever sing.

O could I view the immortal groves,
And gaze upon each blissful field ;
O region of celestial love,
What glorious prospects thou dost yield.

And when I'm in the shades of death,
O may sweet thoughts steal o'er my soul.
And speak of heaven's immortal love,
Which mortal tongue can faint extol.

SONG—QUEEN MARY'S FAREWELL TO FRANCE.

FAREWELL, dear France, beloved land,
Ah ! I shall never see thee more,
Then let me linger on the deck
Till darkness veils my favourite shore.
And oft alas ! with piteous glance
Did Mary sigh, " Farewell, dear France."

When night had passed and morning dawned
Was Mary seen with straining eye
When on the deck her couch was spread,
The distant coast again to spy.
And as she cast the last fond glance
Did Mary sigh, " Farewell, dear France."

THOUGHTS ON THE SEA-SHORE AT B——, 1853.

'Tis with delight I sit and gaze
Upon the deep blue sea,
And muse within my silent mind
Can there an atheist be,

Who views these waters tide by tide,
And marks the changes seen,
The eve, oft bringing forth the storm,
The morn, a gentle stream ?

Now look with lifted eyes awhile
To those wild mountains high,
Those very peaks methinks could touch
The far off distant sky.

O what a landscape here unfolds !
As far as eye can reach,
With woods and mountains, trees and fields,
In all a lesson teach.

And sure to all most beautiful
Is that ethereal sky,
Whose glittering stars and moonbeams play
As soon as day will die.

Then wake, thou blind weak atheist, wake
From thy delusive dream ;
Ne'er say again that chance or fate
Brought forth this beauteous scene.

So haste, unbind the atheistic chain,
And own creation's power,
To God who rules o'er everything
Through every passing hour.

TO MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.

'Tis with delight I gaze on thee,
Sweet picture of my mother dear ;
How sure her semblance there I see,
Portray'd upon the canvass here.

There is the soft and mild blue eye
Which ever beams and smiles on me ;
And there her snowy placid brow,
On which a frown you ne'er shall see.

And there those lips are gently press'd
Which form her own endearing smile ;
Ah ! yes methinks if they could ope,
With loving words they'd speak the while.

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THE DEPARTURE.

My native land, my happy home,
I now must bid adieu ;
Farewell my own and dearest maid,
My heart beats most for you.
The sunny dales and verdant vales,
That Scotland's pride can tell,
The cawing rooks, and rippling brooks,
Alas ! to all, farewell.

Home of my youth, thou cherished one,
Where many lov'd ones be ;
Ah ! sadly I lament the fate
That parts me all from thee.
I seek a land of burning sand,
Across the Atlantic main ;
But trust my love in Him above.
That we may meet again.

And oh ! may virtue guide my path,
And honour crown my name :
To serve my Queen and country well,
May't ever be my fame.
Now to my heart before we part,
Hark ! the signal's given ;
Perhaps no more upon this shore
We'll meet—but yes in heaven.

ON VISITING MARSHAL NEY'S GRAVE AT PÈRE
LA CHAISE.

I'VE seen thy grave, Le brave des braves,
Thou gallant Marshal Ney,
I've plucked the rose-leaves from thy tomb
Which bloom at Père la Chaise.

No honour thine, 'tis shame to France
That sentenced death on thee,
How nobler far had Louis sent
A pardon full and free.

For thou did'st serve thy country well,
And bravest fame achieved,
And though thy guilt might legal seem
Thou should'st have been released.

And O how sad thy fate to view
Whilst thou so nobly stood,
And met the well-marked deadly shot
In yonder Luxembourg.

THE EMIGRANT.

AH ! must I leave this beautiful spot,
Forsaken and forlorn ;
Ah ! why should sorrow's shades o'ercast
The spot where I was born ?

And must I leave the silent glen,
Down by the flowing stream,
Where oft with pleasant thoughts I've mused
Upon the midnight dream ?

Yes, and of one, a dear loved one,
Ah ! would that she were here ;
For in my mournful heart she'd prove
A balm that would me cheer.

Oft by her side with pride I've roamed
Around the verdant vale ;
And when I e'er of love did speak,
With joy she heard my tale.

But now, alas ! these tears must flow,
Since death has rudely torn
My fair and loved one from my heart,
And left me thus to mourn.

And now I'll breathe the last farewell
To scenes where I was born ;
Yet still the wanderer's heart will yearn,
When far from these 'tis torn.

A SOLDIER'S DREAM AFTER THE BATTLE OF
INKERMANN.

THE battle smoke was clearing off,
The cannon ceased to roar,
But the echoes sounded in my ear
As awful as before.

When, tired and faint, I reached my tent,
How lonely now to me,
So many of my comrades gone,
I ne'er again shall see.

I threw me down in deepest grief
A snatch of sleep to take,
While many visions through my brain
Did flit ere I did wake.

Methought I saw them all once more,
And heard them speak again,
Each sending his love-message home
If he should chance be slain.

And next did rise the battle-field
To view in all its gloom,
The cold earth with its thousands dead
Seemed one gigantic tomb.

And the low wail of dying ones
Did rend with cries the air ;
While others lay in silent heaps
With death's wild vacant stare.

Then next to view did come my wife,
Her mild eyes raised to heaven ;
Her sweet voice singing praise to God,
That her husband still was living.

Then to my arms my children ran,
How fond, how soft their kiss ;
My infant babe did lisp my name,
Sure to me such was bliss.

And now methought the clouds did burst,
A voice came from the skies ;
In solemn tones these were the words,—
Christian ! soldier rise !

The armour of thy God put on,
See that 'tis wholly mine ;
The God of battles, yes, I am,
The victory's also mine.

See that thy loins are girt with truth,
Of faith thy shield must be ;
Then all the fiery darts thou'lt quench,
Which come from the enemy.

Thy breastplate made of righteousness,
See that you have it on ;
And o'er thy head the covering be,
The helmet of salvation.

And when thou goest forth to fight,
Take the Sp'rit as thy sword ;
'Tis God who puts it in thy hand,
And says it is his word.

With the gospel preparation,
See that thy feet be shod ;
And now thou'lt stand in the evil day
With the armour of thy God.

And now methought a trumpet blew,
How startling did it seem ;
But 'twas our own clear bugle call
That woke me from my dream.

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